

WATERBURY

Mrs. Laura Thayer Mehuron Died Suddenly Last Saturday.

Mrs. Laura Thayer Mehuron passed away suddenly at her home on North Main street Saturday morning at 7 o'clock. Although in poor health for some time and suffering from heart trouble, yet she had seemed remarkably well the day before and walked twice from her home upstreet. Saturday morning she did her usual work, complained of dizziness, and before the doctor or members of the family not in the house could reach her, she was gone. Laura Thayer was born in Warren 75 years ago. In the '60's she was married in the Methodist parsonage at Irasville to Hollis Mehuron, who died several years ago. For a number of years she has lived in this village and has endeavored herself to many by her beautiful character. There was a prayer service at the house here this morning at 10 o'clock and services in the Methodist church in Waterbury this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mrs. Mehuron is survived by three sisters and two brothers, Mrs. Rosina McAllister of Marshfield, Mrs. Louise Pierce of West Hartford, Miss Celia Thayer of this place and Leon Thayer and Fred Thayer of Warren. E. F. Palmer of this place and Senator George Thayer of Lincoln are cousins. She also leaves five children, Miss Kate Mehuron, teacher in the public schools in this place; Miss Annie Mehuron, teacher in the reform school at Vergennes; Miss Harriet Mehuron, teacher for some time in the public schools of Barre, now in the schools of Saugus, Mass.; and Calvin and Robin Mehuron of this place.

E. F. Palmer, Jr., is so far improved as to be able to take short drives. Miss Julia Shipman left Saturday for the Hanover summer school, where she will take a course in methods. Lucius Wells of Burlington spent Sunday in town. The condition of Mrs. William Elliott shows marked improvement. W. L. Wasson, M. D., pathologist at the Vermont state hospital for the insane, who has been very ill, is more comfortable.

At the regular meeting of Billingham grange Saturday evening, B. F. Hart, master of the grange, gave a most interesting account of his trip to Gettysburg.

Miss Mary Lease, who has been instructor in instrumental music at Goddard seminary this past year, is at the home of her parents on High street. Miss Lease is to supply the organ at the local Methodist church this summer.

The family of D. W. Cooley and Miss Lena Carpenter are to spend the summer at Highgate Springs.

Miss Florence Morse of the Gospel settlement work in New York City is at the home of her father, G. W. Morse.

Mrs. Kimball Kennedy was taken to the Heaton hospital yesterday, where she was operated upon at once and is as comfortable as could be expected.

Invitations are out to the wedding of Miss Beatrice Hooker Atherton to Earle Albert Boyce at the home of the bride the evening of July 16. Both Miss Atherton and Mr. Boyce were born in town and have made their homes here, and the wedding is one of great interest.

Guy M. Chase of the local freight office has a place with the Schenectady Gazette and leaves soon for that city.

Roy W. Arnold of Montpelier, Mass., is a guest at the home of Mrs. A. G. Atherton. Mr. Arnold is employed in a large paper mill and has recently been promoted to the position of assistant superintendent of the mill.

Miss Lena Wallace left Saturday noon for Auburn, Mass., where she attends for the summer the American institute of normal methods at Leselle seminary, specializing in her work as teacher of music in the public schools.

E. E. Campbell has rented his house and the family are at their summer home at Highgate Springs.

Mrs. Priscilla Moody of Boston is the guest of her son, Warner Moody.

Mr. and Mrs. James Collins returned from their wedding trip Friday evening and although they thought the return was a little rough, their friends were too watchful and located them at the home of Mr. Collins' sister, Mrs. Lewis Welch. Musical instruments of all kinds were taken, and after a long period of musical effort Mr. and Mrs. Collins appeared.

What Day Would You Choose to Take Gas?

In the July American Magazine, Stephen Leacock begins a series of comic pieces which he proposes to call "Family Incidents." The first piece is entitled "The Dentist and the Gas."

After determining to have his teeth pulled he says that he took up with his dentist the question of arranging for an appointment. The dentist proposed to take the matter up at once. At this point the narrative goes on as follows:

"No, not now, I can't stay now," said I. I have an appointment, a whole lot of appointments, urgent ones, the most urgent I ever had."

"Well, then, to-morrow," said the dentist.

"No," I said, "to-morrow is Saturday. And Saturday is a day when I simply can't take gas. If I take gas, even the least bit of gas on a Saturday, I find it impossible."

"Monday then?"

"Monday, I'm afraid, won't do. It's a bad day for me—worse than I can explain."

"Tuesday," said the dentist.

"Not Tuesday," I answered. "Tuesday is the worst day of all. On Tuesday my church society meets, and I must go to it."

"I hadn't been near it, in reality, for three years, but suddenly I felt a longing to attend it."

"On Wednesday," I went on, speaking hurriedly and wildly, "I have another appointment, a swimming club, and on Thursday two appointments, a choral society and a funeral. Saturday is market day. Sunday is washing day. Monday is drying day."

"Hold on," said the dentist, speaking very firmly. "You come to my office tomorrow morning. I'll write the engagement for ten o'clock."

"I think it must have been hypnosis."

"Before I knew it, I had said 'Yes.'"

BARRE DRUGGIST MAKES A STATEMENT

We always advise people who have stomach or bowel trouble to see a doctor. But to those who do not wish to do this we will say: try the mixture of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler's-I-ka. This simple new remedy is so powerful that JUST ONE DOSE relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation INSTANTLY.

People who try Adler's-I-ka are surprised at its QUICK action. C. H. Kendrick & Co., druggists.—Advt.

RANDOLPH

Mrs. S. S. Briggs of Worcester, Mass., has come to remain with her brother and other relatives, for several weeks this summer.

James Rand of New York City, who is employed by a firm as civil engineer, has arrived here for his vacation of a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Rand.

Howard Drew, a trained nurse in Boston and later a student at Kirksville, Mo., at the osteopathic college there, is in town for a week's stay with his brothers, L. C. and George Drew.

Mrs. Jennie Gifford left Saturday for South Portland, Me., where she is to have charge of a summer home, owned by Dr. J. A. Houston, state superintendent of the hospital for the insane in Massachusetts.

Mrs. Lydia Tilden of Ames, Ia., arrived here on Saturday to pass a few days with her cousin, Dr. A. L. Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Emerson and son, Kenneth, who have been in Lowell, Mass., for ten days, returned home on Saturday.

The drug store of H. A. Leonard was broken into Saturday night, and a small sum of money and a few cigars taken. Entrance was gained on the back side of the store.

Miss Aline Tarr of Milton arrived here last week for a few days' stay with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gladding.

The ladies of the Federated church held a food sale Saturday in the vestry of the Baptist church, which was successful, the food having all been sold within an hour after the church was opened.

Mrs. Pliny Morse went to Barre Saturday to accompany Mrs. Susan Parks here for a few weeks' stay, during the illness of Mrs. N. N. Morse, who is very ill.

Miss Nettie Robbins, a teacher in the Westfield, Mass., normal school, who is passing her summer vacation with her mother, went to Boothbay, Me., Saturday for a few weeks' stay. She was accompanied as far as Montpelier by her aunt, Miss Carrie Lillie, who went to remain a few days with relatives in the city.

WAITSFIELD

Mrs. H. B. Huntley and little son have gone to Lynn, Mass.

The North school had a flower contest during the last term of school. One hundred and seventy different flowers were found by the children. Richard Gayford finding fifty-seven different varieties.

Raymond Baird is home from White River Junction.

Miss Annie Dale is home from Montpelier to spend the Fourth and the weekend.

Misses Norma McIntyre and Alice Murray of Warren are spending two weeks with Mrs. A. B. Tucker.

Miss Stella Huntley of Waterbury is at her brother's, H. B. Huntley.

Mrs. J. W. Ramsay of West Acton, Mass., is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Miss Kate Green, accompanied by Wallace Haskins, is visiting relatives in Burlington.

Walter E. Moriarty and family have returned from their trip to St. Albans.

Elliott Bisbee returned last Tuesday from the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor.

Postmaster Z. H. McAllister is the first in town to have new peas from his garden and on the Fourth he had his first supply.

Miss Gertrude Bisbee came home from Burlington Friday for a short vacation.

Mrs. N. D. Phelps of Barre is visiting her sister, Mrs. B. D. Bisbee.

MARSHFIELD

H. D. McCrillis has rented his house on Depot street to Mr. Brewer from Maple Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Saxby and daughter, Evelyn, have been in Massachusetts the past week, visiting Mrs. Saxby's parents.

B. R. Dudley and chauffeur left Thursday for his home in New Haven, Conn. Mrs. Dudley and daughter, Ethel, will remain a few weeks longer.

Miss Hazel Billings, teacher in the primary department of the graded school, left Tuesday for her home in Perkinsville. She is expected to return for another year.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Prouty and daughter, Helen, were in Burlington three days last week, getting their household goods ready for shipment to their new bungalow, which will soon be ready for occupancy.

S. Swerdloff and J. W. Means took a party of friends to Willoughby lake in their autos on the Fourth.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Emery, which has been frail from birth, is very ill at present.

Will Nute of St. Johnsbury visited his brother, L. D. Nute, over the Fourth.

Mrs. George H. Morse joined her husband here in their new home Thursday, having been unable to come before on account of illness.

Miss Grace Wooster of Waterbury, Conn., arrived home the first of the week for her summer vacation. She was accompanied by two of her aunts, sisters-in-law of Mrs. Wooster.

The Knights of Pythias gave a dance in their hall Friday night, which was attended by about seventy-five couples. Riley's orchestra furnished music.

Miss Clara Bliss has gone to Cabot to work at George Gould's during the summer.

MONTPELIER

The funeral of W. A. Stowell took place yesterday from his late home on Barre street. The bearers were A. A. Stebbins, F. N. Parrott, A. C. Shurtliff, James Murtagh, Charles Robinson and Owen Murtagh, all connected with Mr. Stowell in railroad work at some time. Burial was in Green Mount cemetery.

As a tribute to the excellent fire fighting Thursday evening which prevented a conflagration, at the time the George stable was consumed, Dr. C. E. Chandler presented Chief Engineer Pattee a check for \$100, which will either be divided among the firemen or kept as the nucleus of a pension and relief fund.

It is anticipated that the new city hall ground will be officially opened next Wednesday afternoon with a game between the Graniteville A. C. and the Logan Squares, although the preliminary arrangements are not yet entirely complete.

Harry McGowan of Berlin was arrested on a charge of intoxication and fined \$5 and costs, amounting to \$13.50, which he paid.

A Modest Girl With Long Hair

By SADIE OLCOTT

"I heered you was goin' to be married, Jake. What kind of a gal you goin' to git?"

"As purty as a peach. Tom, and as modest and gentle as a dove. That's what drew me, her modesty. Can't anybody look at her without her blushing all over?"

"Humph!" grunted Tom.

"Reckon you don't count much on a woman's bein' so modest as that, do you?"

"Jake, I'm goin' to answer your question by tellin' you a story. Once I had to go down to Denver to get some assayin' done. I had struck some dirt that I thought might pan out purty good. So I took some chunks with me and started on my own horse. When I got within ten miles or so of the city it was gettin' dark, and I put up at a tavern. My room was in an L to the buildin', and I could look right across to another L and into a window, where there was a gal standin' before a lookin' glass combin' her hair. And, her room bein' lower than mine, I could see just how long it was. It reached to the floor and was thick as a sheaf o' wheat."

"If there's a feature about a woman to please your humble servant it's a fine head of hair. And this gal's was glossy and wavy as the surface of a lake, and it shined under the light o' them kerosene lamps to beat the band. I fell in love with her at once—or, rather, I fell in love with her hair—and I vowed I wouldn't leave the place till I'd made her acquaintance."

"The next mornin' I saw her go out and walk up the road. I just went after her, and when I caught up with her I says, says I:

"It's a fine mornin', miss."

"She looked down at the ground and didn't say nothin', so I said some more:

"No offense, miss. I'm a miner from up around Georgetown, purty rough, but honest. I saw you comin' that wonderful head o' hair o' yours, and—"

"Did you?" she said, kind o' frightened-like.

"You don't mind a man seein' you with it unloosed, do you?"

"Ladies don't usually appear before gentlemen that way," she said, so modest-like that I wanted to put red-hot poker in my eyes for lookin' at it, and I told her that her hair was so splendid that she'd ought to wear it down her back all the time. I asked her if I couldn't walk a ways with her, and she said she wasn't used to walkin' with gentlemen as she hadn't been introduced to, but I looked so good and kind and nice that she would not mind my walkin' a little ways."

"Waal, I got to tellin' her about what brought me to Denver, and she looked kind o' interested when I told her I thought I'd struck payin' dirt. She said for my sake she hoped I wouldn't be disappointed. We was talkin' when we came to a puddle, and she waited while I went ahead, for she had to lift her skirt a couple of inches, and she was so modest that she wouldn't let me see her foot. So, you see, I had two things to love, her hair and her modesty, and there was even more of the last than the first."

"We walked some time together, and I was gettin' more and more in love all the time. But bimby she came to a house and went in, so I had to leave her at the door. I kep' watch to see her comin' her hair ag'in, and toward evenin' she went into her room and took the hair down, and just as I was beginnin' to feast my eyes on it she closed the blinds."

"Now, if that wasn't modesty I don't know what you'd call it."

"The next mornin' I saw her go out ag'in and joined her ag'in, tellin' her that I was goin' into town to get my samples assayed. She said she hoped they'd turn out well and I must let her know. I took the samples into Denver and left 'em there, to call for 'em two days. While I was a-waitin' I saw a lot o' the gal with the long hair and did some courtin'—that is, I would a' done it if she hadn't been so deuced modest. I accidentally touched her hand once, and I thought she was goin' to have a fit."

"When I went into Denver to get the assayer's report on my samples he told me there was not enough gold in a ton to buy a plug o' tobacco. I went back disappointed, but by this time I was so dead in love that I didn't mind my setback in the other matter. I confided what the assayer said to the gal, and that was the last I saw of her in those parts. Where she went I didn't know, but it was plain she didn't have any use for a miner without a mine."

"I had a friend in Denver, so I went in there to borrow enough money to get back to camp. While I was walkin' up the main street where all the shops is I saw a crowd before a window. I went to see what was goin' on, and standin' there in the window with her hair hangin' down to her heels was the gal I'd fallen in love with, principally for her modesty, while a feller stood before the shop pointin' her out as havin' growed her hair by usin' Dr. Thingamagig's hair restorer."

"I don't want to discourage you, Jake, but when them gals is so deuced modest just you look out for 'em."

"Is that a true story, Tom?" asked Jake.

"True as gospel."

"What do you s'pose made her put on all that?"

"I dunno. Reckon you'll find out what they do it for, seein' you're goin' to get one o' 'em."

A FAMOUS OLD HOAX.

Keely's Motor, With Which He Baffled Scientists For Years.

The story of the Keely motor hoax will live long. Its interest will be enhanced by the preservation in the Franklin Institute of the model of the remarkable motor that Keely built to deceive intending investors and enrich his inventor until the fraud was exposed after Keely's death.

For twenty-five years Keely astounded eminent scientists of Europe and America with the machine that he claimed had solved the secret of perpetual motion. The inventor of this machine would start his device going, apparently, by playing a tune on a mouth organ. He convinced many clever men that he told the truth, and stock in the new concern sold freely.

To the day of his death Keely declared that his discovery was a genuine one, and it was only when the house in which the machine was placed was thoroughly overhauled that the colossal fraud was discovered. Keely had wired the walls of the building. He ran his machine's high pressure hydraulic power. When the wires attached to the machine were the subject of investigation Keely would file them to show that they were solid and could not be used for any purpose other than that for which they were attached.

Pieces of wire thus filed are to be seen at the Franklin institute. The broken pieces show that the wires were hollow and that the inventor of the wonderful motor carefully stopped his filing short of perforating the center, which would have exposed the fraud.—Scientific American.

FORMATION OF COAL.

Conditions on Our Planet While the Process Developed.

What may be said to be the strangest period through which our earth has passed is the one that was responsible for the formation of coal. The planet is described as having been at that time flat and smooth as to surface and peculiar as to vegetation. The continents were just beginning to rise above the ocean and the land had not yet become dry. Mountain ranges had not arisen from the swamps, and the atmosphere was thick with fog. In this state of affairs there sprouted and flourished the plants which were later to furnish the world with its coal supply.

These plants grew as big as our largest trees, taking deep root in the mosses and flourishing like the lush grasses in moist meadow land and developed into the strange shapes now found in tropic vegetation. The forest looked, the scientists assure us, like dense growths of weeds, rushes and enormous ferns. Some of them grew in the shape of cacti, having spines all over them. This kind of vegetation was very rich in carbon, which it derived from the warm, moist atmosphere. Then the millions of years rolled by, the forests of giant weeds were buried by deposits of earthy material and the chemical change took place which slowly changed them into coal. This process ceased with the carboniferous age, so that when the present supply of coal is dug out of the ground there will be no more.—Exchange.

THACKERAY'S KIND HEART.

The Author Was Called a Cynic, but He Loved Children.

Thackeray's words were satirical, and he himself was called a cynic, but the author of "Love Affairs of Some Famous Men" shows what sort of heart beat in the satirist's breast by quoting from the letter of one to whom the following incident happened:

"In the week following his death there appeared some genial memorial lines in the pages of Punch. Walking down the then unsavory thoroughfare known as Bedfordbury, my eye caught the open page of the popular periodical, and I stayed to read the graceful tribute to the dead moralist. Turning away at length, a poorly dressed man in a working garb said to me:

"I knew that man, sir."

"You knew Thackeray?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. I kept that little baker's shop yonder," pointing to the opposite side of the street, "and many's the time Thackeray would come and buy a pound or two of cake of me. I cut it into slices for him, and then, distributin' it among the crowd of hungry children, he would walk away and hide in that court over there, that he might have the pleasure of seeing their enjoyment. He didn't know I knew him, but I did. People used to call him a cynic, sir, but it wasn't true. He loved the children, sir, and no man is a cynic who does that."

LAYING A GHOST.

A Simple Solution to the Mystery of a "Haunted" House.

The mystery of a "haunted" house was explained in a recent number of Science. It was a large, handsome structure in Boston's Back Bay district. The trouble centered in the third and fourth stories, where the slumbers of servants and children were disturbed by strange sensations.

It was a common occurrence for them to awake in the night with a feeling of oppression, "as if some one were tapping upon me." Sounds also were heard, as if some one were walking about or overhead. Once a child rushed screaming into the nurse's room, crying that a man was waking him up and asking why she let him frighten him so. In the morning the children were pale and sluggish, even cold water lacking its usual power to enliven them.

Investigation at length revealed a comparatively simple, mechanistic solution in the escape of a large amount of furnace gas. Often the sulphur in it was so strong as to make the eyes water and to hurt the throat, while the sensations of oppression were typical of carbon monoxide. The noises may have been actual sounds coming from an adjoining house, although any noises at all would probably be exaggerated in the minds of persons awakened in the night while suffering from poisonous gas.

LAST CALL

We are selling off and reducing our stock of Men's and Boys' Suits, Pants, Furnishings and Shoes, during this

DISSOLUTION SALE

in a way that has taken the people of Barre and vicinity by storm. Thousands of people have taken advantage of this wonderful sale to buy their clothes and shoes, and they have saved 25c to 35c on the dollar.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

at the sale, if you have not already done so. Do not delay. We are giving the most wonderful bargains ever given and you lose money if you don't come.

Isaac S. Yett,

Successor to F. E. Cutts & Co. 171 North Main St.

LOOK FOR THE BIG SIGN OVER THE DOOR

PACKING GOLD LEAF.

It is "Handled," So to Speak, by the Aid of a Puff of Breath.

The gold reaches the "beaters" first in wide bars or nuggets. It must be weighed, melted and made into inch wide ribbons before the "beating" begins. The ribbon is then cut into inch squares and beaten with a hammer wielded by a stalwart workman. When each leaf has been beaten thin it is transferred to a mold, where it is beaten again for a period of four hours. The beating is accomplished by means of a wooden hammer weighing from seven to eighteen pounds on a sheepskin cushion resting on a granite block. The gold beaten is usually 22 or 23 carats fine. A little alloy of copper or silver is added to make it spread. It would be impossible for the beaters to handle perfectly pure gold.

Gold leaf is packed more by the aid of the breath than that of the hands. The operation of transferring a sheet of almost transparent gold leaf from one place to another is of such delicacy that it is possible to accomplish it only by a slight puff of the breath. The packers are for the most part girls, to whom, after beating, the gold leaf is handed.

The girls lift the unshaped leaf from the mold with a pair of wooden pin-cers, flatten it out on a sheepskin cushion by gently blowing on it, cut it into a perfect square, replace it between the leaves of the book and flatten it out with the breath. A "book" consists of twenty-five leaves, and a skilled girl operator can pack seventy books in a day.—Harper's Weekly.

Sealed Orders.

The custom of having warships sail under sealed orders arose from the desire of maritime powers to prevent the plans from becoming known to the enemy. In the American navy such orders come from the president and are delivered to a commander of a ship or squadron by a confidential messenger who knows nothing of their contents. Sometimes they are in cipher, but they are always sealed with the official seal of the navy department, and the package cannot be opened until the time marked on it, which is usually several hours after the hour of leaving port. By this precaution the newspapers are prevented from disclosing prematurely the movements which may be of the greatest importance, and the spies of the enemy are rendered useless so far as their ability to discover the secret of such movements is concerned.

Primrose For Memory.

The primrose of old was credited with a medicinal as well as a superstitious value. Even now in some country parts a decoction of primrose leaves is supposed to restore a failing memory, and in 1654, when Culpeper wrote his "London Dispensary," the primrose was regarded as an almost universal panacea, curing "convulsions, falling sickness, palsies, etc." and strengthening "the brain, senses and memory exceedingly." And even the healthy did not disdain to eat it, for primrose paste was once a popular Lancashire delicacy.—Family Doctor.

Youthful Independence.

"Father," said the fair girl, "I have arranged a very important interview for you this evening. Harold is going to call on you."

"To make a formal request for your hand, I suppose?"

"Not at all. He wants to look you over and see how you would do for a father-in-law."—Washington Star.

Condensed.

"Here is an article on 'How to Live a Hundred Years.'"

"Yes, and the whole subject can be condensed into two words."

"What are they?"

"Don't die."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Cheerfulness can become a habit, and it is wonderful how a good habit of this kind will help us over hard places."

FAMOUS MATRON SAYS NOTHING EQUALS COMFORT POWDER

Mrs. M. J. Rutan, matron of this famous home for children, says: "There is nothing equals Comfort Powder for chafing, eczema, prickly heat and all skin soreness. We use it with perfect satisfaction. It is truly a healing wonder."

The soothing and healing effect of Comfort Powder for all skin affections of infants and adults cannot be over-estimated.

Be sure you get the box with the signature of E. S. Sykes on the cover.—Advt.

BE BRIEF

The management of this company has had repeated complaints from subscribers that they were often unable to get numbers, owing to the fact that others were holding lines for an unreasonable time. If the gossip and unnecessary conversation over the wires could be eliminated, the trouble would be largely done away with. Please be brief and cut out all unnecessary talk. Remember that your neighbor has equal rights to yourself over the wire, and that when you hold a line for an unreasonable time you are robbing him of his rights.

BE BRIEF

Vermont Telephone and Telegraph Company

Have Your

Films Developed and Finished

—AT—

KENDRICK'S

Developing, 10c a roll; printing, 4c. Work done promptly and satisfactory.